

THE
SCOURGE OF
Villanie.

Corrected, with the addition of
newe Satyres.

Three Bookes of Satyres.

(**)

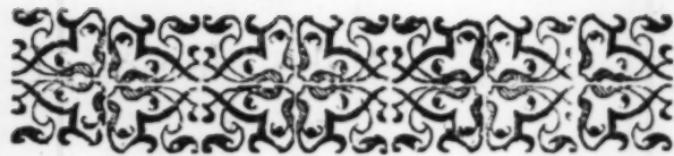
PERSIUS.

Nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec



AT LONDON,
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To his most esteemed, and best
beloued Selfe.

DAT DEDICATQVE.



To *Detraction* I present my
Poesie.

Foule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest bloomes on earth,
Enuies abhorred childe, *Detraction*,
I here expose, to thy al-tainting breath,
The issue of my braine: snarle, raile, barke, bite,
Knowe that my spirit scornes *Detraction*s spight.

Knowe that the *Genius*, which attendeth on,
And guides my powers intelle&tuall,
Holds in all vile repute *Detraction*,
My soule an essence metaphisicall,
That in the basest sort scornes *Critickes* rage,
Because he knowes his sacred parentage.



To Detraction.

My spirit is not pufte vp with faete fume
Of slimie Ale, nor *Bacchus* heating grape.
My minde disdaines the dungy muddy scum
Of abie & thoughts, aud *Enuies* raging hate.

True iudgement slight regards *Opinion*,
Asprightly wit disdaines *Detraction*.

A partiall praise shall never eleuate
My settled censure of mine owne esteeme,
A cankered vetcit of malignant hate
Shall nere prouoke me, worse my selfe to deeme.
Spight of despight, and rancors villanie,
I am my selfe, so is my poesie.



In Lectores prorsus indignos.

FY Satyre fie, shall each mechanick slave,
Each dunghill pesant, free perusall haue
Of thy welllabor'd lines? Each fatten fute,
Each quaint fashion-monger, whose sole re-
Rests in his trim gay clothes, lie slauering (pute
Tainting thy lines with his lewd censuring?
Shall each odde puisne of the Lawyers Inne,
Each barmy-froth, that latt day did beginne
To read his little, or his *nere a whit*,
Or shall some greater auntient, of lesse wit,
(That neuerturn'd but browne Tobacco leaues,
Whose fences some damn'd *Occupant* bereaues)
Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the fences?
Or shall perfum'd *Castilio* censure thee?
Shall be oreview thy sharpe-fang'd poesie?
(Who nere read further than his Mistresse lips)
Nere practiz'd ought, but som spruce capring skips
Nere

In Lectores prorsus indignos.

Nere in his life did other language vse,
But Sweet *Lady*, faire *Mistres*, kind hart deere couse,
Shall this *Fantasma*, this *Colosse* peruse,
And blast with stinking breath, my badding Muse?
Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a *Curtezan*
For euerie broking hand-crafts artizan?
Shall brainlesse Cyterne heads, each iobernole,
Pocket the very *Genius* of thy soule?

I *Phylo*, I, I'le keepe an open hall,
A common, and a sumptuous festiuall.
Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to mee,
Gnaw pesants on my scraps of Poesie.
Castiliors, *Cyprians*, court-boyes, spanish blocks,
Ribandedeares, Granado-netherstocks,
Fidlers, Scriueners, pedlers, tynkering knaues,
Base blew-coates, tapsters, broad-cloth minded
Welcome I-faith: but may you nere depart, (flaues
Till I haue made your galled hides to smart.

Your

In Lectores prorsus indignos.

Your gauled hides? auaunt base muddy scum.
Thinke you a Satyres dreadfull sounding drum
Will brace it selfe? and daine to terrifie
Such abiect peasants basestroguey?
No, no, passe on ye vaine fantastick troupe
Of puffie youths; Know I doe scorne to stoupe
To rip your liues. Then hence lewd nags away,
Goeread each poast, viewe what is plaid to day.
Then to *Priapus* gardens. You *Castilio*,
I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,
Let me alone, the Madams call for thee,
Longing to laugh at thy wits pouerty.
Sirra, liuorie cloake, you lazie slipper slauie,
Thou fauning drudge, what wouldst thou Satyres
Base mind away, thy master cals, be gone, (haue?
Sweet *Gnato* let my poesie alone.
Goe buy some ballad of the Faiery King,
And of the begger wench, some rogueie thing,

B t

Which



In Lectores prorsus indignos.

Which thou maist chaunt vnto the chamber-maid
To some vile tune, when that thy Master's laid.

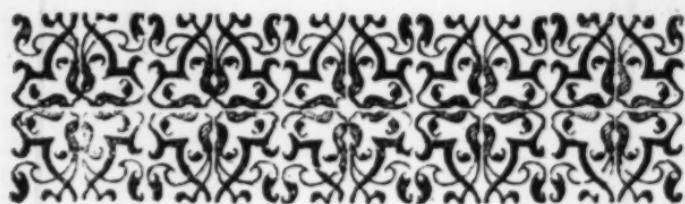
But will you needs stay? am I forc't to beare
The blasting breath of each lewd censurer?
Must naught but clothes, and images of men,
But sprightlesse trunks, be judges of thy pen?
Nay then come all, I prostitute my Muse,
For all the swarmes of Idiots to abuse.
Reade all, view all, euen with my full consent,
So you will know that which I never meant;
So you will nere conceiue, and yet dispraise
That which you nere conceiu'd, & laughter raise:
Where I but striue in honest seriousnesse,
To scourge some soule-polluting beastlinesse.
So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
In euery corner of my Cynick worke.
Profase, read on: for your extreamst dislikes
Will adde a pincon, to my praises flights.

In lectores prorsus indignos.

O, how I bristle vp my plumes of pride,
O, how I thinke my Satyres dignifi'd,
When I once heare some quaint *Castilio*,
Some supple mouth'd flaue, some lewd *Tubrio*,
Some spruce pedant, or some span-new come fry
Of Innes a-court, striuing to vilesie
My dark reproches. Then doe but raile at me,
No greater honout craues my poesie.

1. But ye diuiner wits, celestiall soules,
Whose free borne minds no kennell thought
Ye sacred spirits, *Mayas* eldest sonnes, / controules,

2. Yee substance of the shadowes of our age,
In whom all graces linke in mariage,
To you how cheerfully my Poem runnes.



In Lectores prorsus indignos.

3. True iudging eyes, quick sighted censurers,
Heauens best beauties, wisdomes treasurers,
O how my loue embraceth your great worth!

4. Yee Idols of my soule, ye blessed spirits,
How should I giue true honor to your merrits
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You sacred spirits, *Matas* eldest sonnes,
To you how cheerfully my poeme runnes!
O how my loue embraceth your great worth!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

Orare

¶ To



¶ To those that seeme iudicall
perusers.

Nowe, I hate to affect too much obscuritie, and harshnesse, because they profit no sense. To note vices, so that no man can vnderstand them, is as fond, as the French execution in picture. Yet there are some, (too many) that thinke nothing good, that is so curteous, as to come within their reach. Tearing all Satyres (bastard) which are not palpable darke, and so iough writ, that the hearing of them read, would set a mans teeth on edge. For whose vnseasond palate I wrote the first Satyre, in some places too obscure, in all places mislyking me. Yet when by some scuruie chaunce it shall come into the late perfumed fist of iudicall *Torquatus*, (that like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath gotte a great deale of barmie froth to stick to his sides) I knowe hee wll vouchsafe it, some of his newe-minited Epithets, (as *Reall*, *Intrinsicate*, *Delphicke*,) when in my conscience hee vnderstands not the least part of it. But from thence proceedes his iudgement. *Persius* is crabby, because auntient, and his ierkes, (being perticularly giuen to

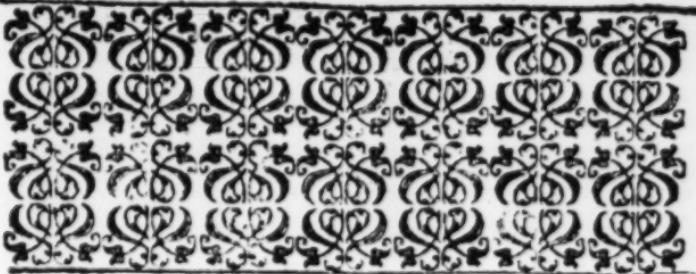


To the iudiciale peruser.

priuate customes of his time) dusky . *Invenall* (vpon the like occasion) seemes to our iudgement , gloomy . Yet both of them goe a good seemely pase , not stumbling , shuffling . *Chaucer* is hard euен to our vnderstandings : who knowes not the reason? how much more those olde Satyres which expresse themselues in termes, that breathed not long euен in their daies . But had wee then liued, the vnderstanding of them had bee nothing hard . I Will not deny there is a seemely decorum to be obserued, and a peculiare kinde of speech for a Satyres lips, which I can willinglyer conceiue, then dare to prescribe; yet let me haue the substance rough, not the shadow . I cannot ,nay I will not delude your sight with mistis ; yet I dare defend my plainenesse against the veriuice-face , of the crabbed st Satyrist that euer stuttered . He that thinks worse of my rimes then my selfe, I scorn him, for hee cannot : he that thinks better , is a foole . So fauour me, *Good opinion* , as I am farre from being a *Suffenus* . If thou perusest mee with an vnpartiall eye, reade on: if otherwise, know I neither value thee , nor thy censure .

VV. Kinsayder.





PROEMIUM IN *librum primum.*

IBeare the scourge of iust *Rhamnusia*,
Lashing the lewdnesse of *Britania*.
Let others sing as their good *Genius* moues,
Of deepe designes, or else of clipping loues.
Faire fall them all, that with wits industrie,
Doe cloath good subiectes in true poesie,
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull soule
Takes pleasure in displeasing sharpe controule.

Thou nursing Mother offaire wisdomes lore,
Ingenuous Melancholy, I implore
Thy graue assistance: take thy gloomy seate,
Inthrone thee in my blood; Let me intreate.

Stay





Proemium in librum primum.

Stay his quicke iocund skips, and force him runne
A sadde past course, vntill my whips be done.
Daphne, vnclip thine armes from my sad brow,
Blacke Cypressle crowne me, whilst I vp doe plow
The hidden entrailes of franke villany,
Tearing the vaile from damn'd impietie.

Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on putred slime,
Skud from the lashes of my yerkynge rime.

S A-



SATYRE. I.
Fronti nulla fides.

Marry God forefend, *Martius* swears he'le stab,
Pbrigeo, feare not, thou art no lying drab.
What though dagger hack'd mouthes of his blade
It slew as many as figures of yeares (sweares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more,
As methodist *Musus* kild with Hellebore
In autumne last, yet he beares the male lye
With as smooth calme, as *Mecho* riuallrie.
How ill his shape with inward forme doth sadge,
Like *Aphrogenias* ill-yok'd mariage.
Fond Physiognomer, *Complexion*
Guides not the inward disposition,
Inclines I yeeld, Thou saist law *Italia*, }
Or *Caroes* often curst *Scatinia* }
Can take no hold on simpring *Lesbia*. }
True, not on her eye: yet Allom oft doth blast,
The sprouting bud that faine would longer last.

Cary

Fronti nulla fides.

Chary *Casca*, right pure, or *Rhodanus*,
Yet each night drinke in glasse Priapus.

Yon Pine is faire, yet foully doth it ill
To his owne sprouts: marke, his rank drops distill
Foule Naples canker in their tender sinde.
Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde.
Mistagogus, what meanest this prodigy?
When *Hiadolgo* speakes 'gainst vsury,
When *Verres* railes 'gainst thieues, *Mylo* doth hate
Murder, *Clodius* cuckolds, *Marius* the gate
Offsquinting *Ianus* shuts? Runne beyond bound
Of *Nil ultra*, and hang me when on's found
Will be himselfe. Had Nature turn'd our eyes
Into our proper selues, these curious spies
Would be ashame: *Flavia* would blush to flout,
When *Oppia* cals *Lucina* helpe her out.
If she did thinke, *Lynceus* did know her ill,
How Nature Art, how Art doth Nature spill.

God



Fronti nulla fides.

God patdon me, I often did auer
Quod gratis, gratae: the Astronomer
An honest man, but I le doe so no more,
His face deceiu'd me; but now, since his whore
And sister are all one, his honestie
Shall be as bare as his Anatomie,
To which he bound his wife: ô pack stasse rimes!
Why nec, when court of stars shall see these crimes?
Rods are in pisse, I for thee *Empericke*,
that twentie graines of *Oppium* wilt not sticke
to minister to babes. Heer's bloody dales,
When with plaine hearbes *Mutius* more men slaiers
Then ere third *Edwards* sword. Sooth in our age,
Mad *Coribantes* neede not to enrage
The peoples mindes. You *Ophiogine*
Of *Hellefpong*, with wrangling villanie
The swolne world's inly stung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect so much.

Thou



Fronti nulla fides.

Thou sweete Arabian *Panbaia*,
Perfume this nastie age: smugge *Lesbia*
Hath stinking lunges, although a simpring grace,
A muddy infide, though a surphul'd face.
O for some deepe-searching *Corycean*,
To ferret out yon lewd *Cynedian*,
How now *Brutus*, what shape best pleaseth thee?
All *Protean* formes, thy wife in venery,
At thy inforcement takes? well goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee ere thy dying day.
Hush, *Gracchus* heares; that hath retaild more lyes,
Broched more flaunders, done more villanies,
Then *Fabius* perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue *Semper idem* for a mott)
Hath beene at feasts, and led the measuring
At Court, and in each mariage reueling,
Writ *Palephatus* comment on those dreames,
That *Hylas* takes, midst dung-pit reeking steames
Of

Fronti nulla fides.

Of *Atbor* hote house, Gramercie modest simyle,
Chremes a sleepe, *Paphia*, sport the while,
Lucia, newe set thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canst thou not lispe, (good brother) looke demure?
Fye *Gallus*, what, a Skeptick *Pyrrhomist*?
When chaste *Dicitina*, breakes the Zonelike twist?
Tut, hang vp *Hieroglyphickes*, Ile not faine
Wresting my humor, from his natuue straine.

SATYRE. II.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

uuu-- Iuue.

I Cannot holde, I cannot I indure
I To view a big womb'd foggy clowde immure
The radiant tresses of the quickning sunne.
Let Custards quake, my rage must freely runne.

Preach

Difficile est Satyram non scribere;

Preach not the Stoickes patience to me:
I hate no man, but mens impietie.
My soule is vexed: what power will th desist?
Or dares to stop a sharpe fangd Satyrist?
Wholē coole my rage? wholē lay my itching fist?
But I will plague and torture whom I list:
If that the three-fold wals of *Babilon*
Should hedge my tongue, yet I should raile vpon
This fustie world, that now dare put in vre
To make *I&HOVA* but a couerture,
To shadē ranck filth. *Loose conscience is free;*
From all conscience, what els hath libertie?
As't please the Thracian Boreas to blow;
So turnes our ayerie conscience, to, and fro.
What icye *Saturnist*, what Northerne pate,
But such grosse lewdnesse would exasperate?
I thinke, the blind doth see the flame God rise
From sisters couch, each morning to the skies:
Glow-

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Glowing with lust, Walke but in duskie night,
With *Lyncens* eyes, and to thy piercing sight
Disguised Gods will shewe, in pesants shape,
Preſt to commit ſome execrable rape.

Here *Ioues* lust Pandar, *Maias* iuggling ſonne,
In clownes diſguife, doth after milk-maids runne.
And, ſore he'le looſe his brutiſh lechery,
The trulſ shall taste ſweet Nectars ſurquedry,
There *Iunos* brat, for ſakes *Neris* bed,
And like a ſwaggerer, luſt fiered,
Attended only with his ſmock-ſworne Page,
Pert *Gallos*, ſliſy ſlips along, to wage
Tilting incounteres, with ſome ſpurious ſeede
Oſmarrow pies, and yawning Oysters breedē.
O damn'd!

Who would not ſhake a Satyres knotty rod?
When to defile the ſacred ſeate of God



Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Is but accounted Gentlemens disport?
To snort in filth, each hower to resort
To brothell pits; alas a veniall crime,
Nay, royll, to be last in *thirtieth* slime.

Ay me, hard world for Satyristis beginne
To set vp shop, when no small petty finne
Is left vnpurg'd. Once to be pursie fat
Had wont be cause that life did macerate,
Marry the iealous Queene of ayre doth frown,
That Ganimede is vp, and Hebe downe.
Once Albion liu'd in such a cruell age
Than men did hold by seruile villenage: (borne,
Poore brats were slaues, of bond-men that were
And marted, sold: but that rude law is torne,
And disannuld, as too too inhumane,
that Lords ore pesants should such seruice straine,
But now, (sad change!) the kennell sincke of slaues
Pesant great Lords, and seruile seruice cranes.

Bond-



Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Bondslaues sonnes had wont be bought & sold;
But now *Herōes* heiress, if they haue not told
A discreet number, (sore their dad did die,)
Are made much of: how much from merchandie?
Taile'd, and retail'e, till to the pediers packe,
The fourth-hand ward-ware comes: alack, alack.
*Would truth did know I lyē: but truth, and I
Doe know that fense is borne to misery.*

Oh wold to God, this were their worlē mischance,
Were not their soules sould to darke ignorance,
*Faire godnes is foule ill, if mischieves mit
Be not represt from lewd corrupting it.*

O what dry braine melts not sharp mustard rime,
To purge the snottery of our slimie time?
Hence idle *Cave*. Vengeance pricks me on,
When mart is made of faire Religion,
Reform'd bald *Trebus* swore, in Romish quier
He sold Gods essence for a poore denier.

C

The



Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

The Egyptians adored Onions,
To Garlike yeelding all deuotions.
O happie Garlick, but thrice happie you,
Whose senting gods in your large gardens grew,
Democritus, rile from thy putrid slime,
Sport at the madnesse of that hotter clime,
Deride their frenzy, that for policie
Adore Wheate dough, as reall deitie.
Almighty men, that can their maker make,
And force his sacred bodie to forsake
The Cherubines, to be gnawne actually,
Dividing *individuum*, really:
Making a score of Gods, with one poore word.
I, so I thought, in that you could afford,
So cheape a penny-worth. O ample field,
In which a Satyre may iust weapon weelde.
But I am vexed, when swarmes of *Julians*
Are stil manur'd by lewd Precisians.

Who



Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Who scorning Church rites, take the symbole vp,
As slouenly, as carelesse Courtiers slup
Their mutton gruell, Fie, who can with-hold,
But must offorce make his milde muse a scold?
When that hee greeued sees, with red vext eyes,
That Athens antient large immunitiess
Are eyesoress to the Fates, Poore cels forlorne,
Ist not enough you are made an abiect scorner
To ieering Apes, but must the shadow too
Of auncient substance, be thus wrung from you?
O split my heart, least it doe breake with rage,
To see th'immodeſt loſenesſe of our age.
Immodeſt loſenesſe? fie, too gentle word,
When euery ſigne can brothelry afford:
When luſt doth ſparkle from our ſemaleseyes,
And modeſtie is rouſted in the ſkies.
Tell me *Galliotte*, what meanes this ſigne,
When impropriaſt gentles will turne *Capuchine*?

C 2

Sooner



Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Sooner be damn'd, O stiffe Satyricall?
When rapine feedes our pomp, pomp ripes our fall:
When the guest trembles at his host's swart looke,
The son doth feare his stepdame, that hath tooke
His mothers place, for lust: the twin-borne brother
Malignes his mate, that first came from his mother.
When to be huge, is to be deadly sicke.
VVhen vertuous pesants will not spare to lick
The diuels taile for poore promotion.
When for neglect, slubbred *Devotion*
Is wan with griefe. VVhen *Rufus* yauns for death
Of him that gaue him vndeserued breath.
VVhen *Hermus* makes a worthy question,
VVhether of *Wright*, as *Paraphonalion*
A siluer pisse-pot fits his Lady dame?
Or is't too good? a pewter best became.
VVhen *Agrippina* poysons *Claudius* sonne,
That all the world to her owne brat might run.
VVhen





Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

When the husbād gapes that his stale wife wolddy,
That he might once be in, by *Curtesie*. (death,
The big paunch't wife longs for her loth'd mates
That she might haue more ioynturs here on earth.
Whentenure for shor thyeraes (by many a one)
Is thought right good be turn'd forth *Littleton*,
All to be *headdy*, or *free-hold* at least,
When tis all one, for long life be a beast,
A slauē, as haue a shor term'd tenancie,
When dead's the strength of Englands yeomanry
When invndation of luxuriousnesse
Fats all the world with such grosse beastlinesse,
VVho can abstaine? what modest braine can hold,
But he must make his shamefac't Musc a scold?

C 3

S A.





SATYRE. III.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

IT's good be warie, whilst the sunne shines cleer;
(Quoth that old chuffe, that may dispēd by yeer
Three thousand pound) whil'st hee of good pre-
Cōmits himselfe to Fleet, to saue expense, stēce
No Countries Christmas: ra her tarry heere,
The Fleetē is cheap, the Country hail too deere.
But *Codrus*, harke, the world expects to see
Thy bastard heire rot there in misery.
What will *Luxurio* keepe so great a hall,
That he will prooue a bastard in his fall?
No: come on fwe: *S. George*, by heauen at all
Makes his catastrophe right tragicall.
At all? till nothing's left: *Come on*, till all comes off,
I haire and all: *Luxurio* left a scoffe
To leaprous filths: ô stay, thou impious slauē,
Teare not the lead from off thy fathers graue,

To



Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

To stop base brokeage; sell not thy fathers sheet,
His leaden sheet; that strangers eyes may greece
Both putrifaction of thy greedy Sire,
And thy abhorred viperous desire.
But wilt thou needs, shall thy Dads slacky brat
Weare thy Sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?
Nay then *Luxurio* waste in obloquie,
And I shall sport to heare thee faintly cry;
Adie, a drab, and filthie broking knaues
Are the worlds wide mouthes, all devouring granes.
Yet *Samus* keepes a right good house I heare.
No, it keepes him, and free th him from chill feare
Of shaking fits. How then shall his smug wench,
How shall her bawd (fit time) assist her quench
Her sanguine heate? Lyncens, canst thou sent?
She hath her Monkey, and her instrument
Smooth fram'd at *Vitrio*. O greeuous misery!
Luscm hath left her female luxury.

I

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad
Hath forc't him cleane forsake his Pickhatch drab.
Alack, alack, what peece of lustfull flesh
Hath *Luscus* left, his *Priape* to redresse?
Grieue not good soule, he hath his *Ganimede*,
His perfum'd she-goat, smooth kembd & high fed.
At Hogsdon now his monstrous lust he feasts,
For there he keepes a baudy house of beasts.
Paphus, let *Luscus* haue his Curtezan,
Or we shall haue a monster of a man.
Tut, *Paphus* now detaines him from that bower,
And clasps him close within his brick-built tower.
Diogenes, th'art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
For *Luscus* now hath skill to practise it.
Faith, what cares he for faire *Cynedian* boyes?
Veluet cap't Goats, dutch Mares? tut comon toies.
Detaine them all, on this condition
He may but vse the Cynick frictiōn,

O

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

O now ye male stewes, I can giue pretence
For your luxurios incontinence.

Hence, hence, ye falled, seeming Patriotes,
Returne not with pretence of saluing spots,
When here yee soyle vs with impuritie,
And monstrous filth of Doway seminary.

What though *Iberia* yeeld you libertie,
To snort in source of Sodome villany?

What though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
Committed to your *Rodons* custodie,
Yee *Nero* like abuse? yet nere approche,
Your new *S. Homers* lewdnes here to broche;
Taynting our townes, and hopefull Acadeines,
With your lust-bating most abhorred meanes.

Valladolid, our *Athens* gins to taste
Of thy rank filth, Camphire and Lettuce chaste
Are cleane casheird, now *Sophi* Ringoes eate,
Candi'd Potatoes are Athenians meate.

Hence



Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Hence Holy-thistle, come sweete marrow pic,
Inflame our backs to itching luxury.

A Crabs bak't guts, a Lobsters, butterd thigh,
I heare them sweare is bloud for venerie.

Had I some snout-faire brats, they shoulde indure
The new found *Castilian* callenture,
Before some pedant Tutor, in his bed,
Should vse my frie, like Phrigian *Ganimede*,
Nay then chaste cels, when greasie *Aretine*,
For his rank *Fico*, is surnam'd diuine,
Nay then come allyee veniall scapes to me,
I dare wel warrant, you'lle absolued be.

Rufus, I'le terme thee but intemperate,
I will not once thy vice exaggerate:
Though that each howre thou lewdly swaggerest,
And at the quarter day, pay'st interest
For the forbearance of thy chalked score:
Though that thou keep'st a taly with thy whore:

Since





Redde, age, que deinceps risisti.

Since *Nero* keepes his mother *Agrippine*,
And no strange lust can satiate *Messaline*.

Tullus goe scotfree, though thou often bragst,
That for a *false French-Crowne*, thou vaulting hadst;
Though that thou know'st, for thy incontinence,
Thy drab repaid thee *true French pestilence*.
But tush, his boast I beare, when *Tegeran*
Brags that hee foylts his rotten Curtezan
Vpon his heire, that must haue all his lands:
And them hath ioyn'd in *Hymens* sacred bands.
Ile winke at *Robrus*, that for vicinage
Enters common, on his next neighbors stage:
When *Ioue* maintaines his sister and his whore;
And she incestuous, iealous euermore,
Least that *Europa* on the Bull should ride:
Woe worth, when beasts for filth are deified.

Alacke poore rogues, what Censor interdicts
The veniall scapes of him that purses picks?

When





Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

When some slie, golden-slopt *Castilio*
Can cut a manors strings at Primero?
Or with a pawne, shall giue a Lordship mate;
In statute staple chaining fast his state?

What Academick starued Satyrist
Would gnaw rez'd Bacon? or, with inke black fist,
Wold tosse each muck-heap, for som outcast scraps
Of halfe-dung bones, to stop his yawning chaps?
Or, with a hungry hollow halfe pin'd iaw, (gnaw?
VVould once, a thrice-turn'd, bone-pickt subiect
VVhen swarmes of Mountebanks, & Bandeti
Damn'd Briareans, sinks of villany,
Factors for lewdnes, Brokers for the deuill,
Infect our soules with all polluting euill.

Shall *Lucia* scorne her husbands luke-warm bed?
(Because her pleasure, being hurried
In iouling Coach, with glassie instrument,
Doth farre exceede the *Paphian* blandishment)
Whil'st



Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Whil'st I (like to some mute Pythagoran)
Halter my hate, and cease to curse and ban
Such brutish filth? Shall *Matho* raise his fame,
By printing pamphlets in another's name,
And in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might,
All to be deem'd his Countries Lanthorne light?
Whil'st my tongue's ty'de with bonds of blushing
For fear of broching my concealed name? (shame,
Shall *Balbus*, the demure Athenian,
Dreathe of the death of next *Vicarian*?
Cast his nativitie? marke his complexion?
Waigh well his bodies weake condition?
That, with guilt sleight, he may be sure to get
The Planets place, when his dim shittie shall set?
Shall *Cario* streeke his lims on his daies couch,
In Sommer bower? and with bare groping touch
Incense his lust, consuming all the yeere
In *Cyprian* dalliance, and in *Belgick* cheere?

Shall

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Shall *Fannus* spend a hundred gallions
Of Goates pure milke, to laue his stallions,
As much Rose iuyce? O bath! ô royall, rich
To scower *Fannus*, and his faut proud bitch,
And when all's cleans'd, shal the flaues inside stinke
Worse thā the new cast slime of *Thames* ebd brink;
Whilst I securely let him ouer-slip?
Nere yerking him with my Satyrick whip?

Shall *Crispus* with hypocrisie beguile,
Holding a candle to some fiend a while?
Now Jew, then Turke, then seeming Christian,
Then Athiste, Papist, and straight Puritan,
Now nothing, any thing, euen what you list,
So that some guilt may grease his greedy fist?

Shall *Damas* vse histhird-hand ward as ill
As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
What, shall law, nature, vertue be reiectet?
Shall these world Arteries be soule-infected,

With

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

With corrupt bloud? Whil'st I shal *Martia taske*?
Or some young *Villius*, all in in choller aske,
How he can keepe a lazie waiting man,
And buy a heode, and siluer-handled fan,
With fortie pound? Or snarle at *Lollios sonne*?
That with industrious paines hath harder wonne
His true got worship, and his gentries name,
Then any Swine-heards brat, that lousie came
To luskish Athens: and, with farming pots,
Compiling beds, and scouring greasie spots,
By chance (when he can like taught *Parrat* cry,
Deereley below'd, with simpering grauitie)
Hath got the farme of some gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horse, gallops iollily;
Tickling with some stolne stuffe his senselesse cure,
Belching lewd termes gainst all sound litttature.
Shall I with shaddowes fight? taske bitterly
Romes filth? scraping base channell roguerie?

Whil'st

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Whil'st such huge Gyants shall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading *Mecho*, never loath
Frankly to take a damning periurd oath?
Shall *Furia* brooke her sisters modesty,
And prostitute her soule to brothelry?
Shall *Cossus* make his well-fact wife a stale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker sale? (stocks
Shall cock-horse, fat-pauncht *Milo* staine whole
Of well borne soules, with his adultering spots?
Shall broking Pandars sucke Nobilitie?
Soyling faire stems with soule impuritie?
Nay, shall a trencher slave extenuate
Some *Lucrece* rape? and straight magnificate
Lewde *Iouian* lust? Whil'st my Satyrick vaine
Shall mazled be, not daring out to straine
His tearing paw? No, gloomy *Invenall*,
Though to thy fortunes I dilastrous fall,

S A

SATYRE. IIII.

CRAS.

I Marry Sir, here's perfect honesty,
When *Martius* will forswaire all villany,
(All damn'd abuse of painment in the warres,
All filching from his prince and Souldiers)
When once he can but so much bright dirt gleane,
As may maintaine one more White-friers queane,
One drab more, faith then farewell villany,
He'le cleanse himselfe to Shoreditch puritie.

As for *Stadius*, I thinke he hath a soule:
And if he were but free from sharpe controule
Of his sower host, and from his Taylors bill,
He would not thus abuse his riming skill;
Iading our tyred eares with fooleries,
Greasing great slaues, with oyly flatteries:
Goodfaith I thinke, he would not striue to sute
The back of humorous Time, for base repute,

D

Mong



CRAS.

Mong dunghill pesants) botching vp such ware,
As may be salable in Sturbridge fare.

If he were once but freed from specialty:
But sooth, till then, beare with his balladry.

I ask't lewd *Gallus* when he'le cease to sweare,
And with whole-culuerin, raging oathes to teare
The vault of heauen; spetting, in the eyes
Of natures Nature, lothsome blasphemies.

Tomorrow, he doth vow he will forbear.
Next day I meete him, but I heare him sweare
Worse then before: I put his vowe in minde:
He answeres me, *to morrow*; but I finde,
He sweares next day, farre worse then ere before;
Putting me off, with *morrow*, euermore.
Thus when I vrge him, with his sophistrie
He thinkes to salue his damned periury.

Sylenus now is old, I wonder, I
He doth not hate his triple venerie.

Cold,



CRAS.

Cold, writhled Eld, his lilles-wet almost spent,
Me thinkes a vnitie were competent:
But *O faire* hopes! He whipters secretly,
When it leaueshim, he leaueth his lechery.

When sumpring *Flaccus* (that demurely goes
Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
Hath made rich vse of his Religion,
Of God himselfe, in pure devotion:
When that the strange *Ideas* in his head
(Broched 'mongst curious sorts, by shadowes led)
Haue furnish't him, by his hore auditors
Offaire demeanes, and goodly rich manors,
Sooth then he will repente, when's treasury
Shall force him to disclaime his heresie.
What will not poore neede force? But being sped,
God for vs all, the gurimonds paunch is fed:
His mind is chang'd: but when will he doe good?
To morrow: *I, tomorrow, by the Rood.*

D 2

Ye



CRAS.

Yet *Ruscus* sweares, he'le cease to broke a sute:
By peasant meanes striuing to get repute,
Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defraid,
His reuell tier, and his Laundresse paid.
There is a crewe which I too plaine could name,
If so I might without th' *Aquinians* blame,
That lick the taile of greatn esse with their lips:
Laboring with third-hand iests, and Apish skips,
Retayling others wit, long barrelled,
To glib some great mans eares, till panch be fed:
Glad if themselues, as sporting fooles, be made,
To get the shelter of some high-growne shade.
To morro , yet these base tricks they'le cast off,
And cease for lucre be a ieering scoffe.
Ruscus will leauue, when once he can renue
His wasted clothes, that are asham'd to view
The worlds proud eyes. *Drusus* wil cease to fawne,
When that his Farme, that leaks in melting pawne,
Some



CRAS.

Some Lord-applauded iest stath once set free,
All will to morrow leaue their rougery.
When fox-surd *Mecho* (by damn'd vsury,
Cutthrote deceit, and his crafts villany)
Hath rak't together some foure thousand pound,
To make his smug gurle beare a bumming sound
In a young merchants eare, faith then (may be)
He le ponder if there be a Deitie;
Thinking, if to the Parish pouerty,
At his wiſht death, be dol'd a halfe-penny,
A worke of Supererogation,
A good filth-cleansing strong purgation.
Anius will leaue begging Monopolies,
When that 'mong troopes of gaudy Butter-flies,
He is but able ietit iollily,
In pie-bald sutes of proud Court brauery.
To morrow doth *Luxurio* promise me,
He will vnyline hymselfe from bitchery.





CRAS.

Marry *Alcides* thirteenth act must lend
A glorious period, and his lust-itch end.
When once he hath froth-soming *Etna* past,
At one an thirtie being alwaies last.
If not to *Day* (quoth that *Nasonian*)
Much lesse to *worrow*. Yes saith *Fabian*:
For ingrain'd Habits, died with often dips,
Are not so soone discoloured. Young slips
New set, are easily mou'd, and pluck't away;
But elder rootes clip faster in the clay.
I smile at thee, and at the *Stagerite*:
Who holds, the liking of the appetite,
Being fed with actions often put in vre,
hatcheth the soule, in quality impure,
Or pure. May be in vertue; but for vice,
That comes by inspiration, with a trice.
Young *Furius* scarce fisteeene yeares of age
But is, straight-waies, right fit for mariage,

Vnto





CRAS.

Vnto the diuell:for sure they would agree;
Betwixt their soules their is such sympathy.

O where's your sweatie habit? when each Ape,
That can but spy the shadowe of his shape,
That can no sooner ken what's vertuous,
But will auoid it, and be vicious.
Without much doe, or farre fetch't habiture.

In earnest thus; *It is a sacred cure*
To saluet the soules dread wonnds. Omnipotens
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Euen in a moment. Sure, Grace is infus'd
By diuine fauour, not by actions v/sd.
Which is as permanent as beauens blisse
To them that hane it, then no habite is.
Tomorrow, nay, to day, it may be got:
So please that gratious Power cleanse thy spot.

Vice, from priuation of that sacred Grace,
which god with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.
Who





CRAS.

Who saies the sunne is cause of vgly night?
Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire sight,
The gloomie curtaine of the night is spred.
Yee curious sotts, vainely by Nature led,
Where is your vice, or vertuous habite now?
For, *Sustine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,
And old crabb'd *Scotus*, on th' *Organon*,
Pay'th me with snaphaunce, quick distinclion;
Habits, that intellectuall rearmed be,
Are got, or else infus'd from Deitie.
Dull Sorbonist, fly contradiction.
Fie, thou oppugn' st the definition.
If one should say; *Of things stearm'd rationall,*
Some reason haue, others meere sensuall:
Would not some freshman, reading *Porphirio*,
Hisse and deride such blockish foolery?
Then vice nor vertue haue from habite place:
The one from want, the other sacred grace,

Infus'd





CRAS.

*I infis'd, displac't, not in our will or force,
But as it please Iehoua haue remorse.
I will, cries Zeno: ô presumption!
I can: thou maist, dogged opinion
Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vicious,
List to their percepts, next day vertuous.
Peace Seneca, thou belchest blasphemy.
To live from God, but to live happily
(I heare thee boast,) from thy Philosophy,
And from thy selfe, ô rauening lunacy!
Cynicks, yee wound your selues. For Destiny,
Inevitable Fate, Necesitie
You hold doth sway the acts spirituall,
As well as parts of that wee mortall call.
Wher's then *I will?* wher's that strong Deity,
You doe ascribe to your Philosophy?
Confounded Natures brats, can will and Fate
Haue both their seate, & office in your pates?*





CRAS.

O hidden depth of that dread Secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in poetry!
To day, to day, implore obsequiously:
Trust not to morrowes will; least vtterly
Yee be attach't with sad confusion,
In your Grace-tempting lewd presumption.
But I forget: why sweat I out my braine,
In deepe designes, to gay boyes, lewd, and vaine?
These notes, were better sung, 'mong better sort:
But, to my pamphlet, few, saue fooles, resort.

Libri primi finis.

SA-





S A T Y:
Liber secundus.



Proemium in librum secundum.

I Cannot quote a mott Italionate,
Or brand my Satyres with some Spanish terme,
I cannot with swolne lines magnificate
Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task others rimes; as if no blot did staine,
No blemish soyle my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my soule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to sute these Artlesse times.
Or daine for base reward to poetize:
Soothing the world, with oyly flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I, for lucre, be a Parasite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar sorts applause?
To please each hound? each dunguy Scauenger?
To fit some Oyster-wenches yawning iawes?
With tricksey tales of speaking Cornish dawes?

First





Proemium in librum secundum.

First let my braine (bright hair'd *Latona* sonne)
Be cleane distract with all confusion.

What though some *John-à-stile* will basely toyle,
Only incited with the hope of gaine: (Moile:
Though roughe thoughts do force some iade-like
Yet no such filth my true-borne Muse will soyle.

O *Epictetus*, I doe honour thee,
To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie.

Adrithmum.

Come prettie pleasing symphonie of words,
Ye wel-matcht twins (whose like-tun'd togs
Such musicall delight) come willingly (affords
And daunce *Leuolcoes* in my poesie.

Come





Ad Rithmum.

Come all as easie, as spruce *Curio* will,
In some Courtball, to shewe his capring skill,
As willingly come meete & iumpe together,
As new ioyn'd loues, when they do clip each other,
As willingly, as wenches trip a round,
About a May-pole, after bagpipes sound.
Come ryming numbers, come and grace concerte,
Adding a pleasing close; with your deceipt,
Inticing eates, Let not my ruder hand
Seeme once to force you in my line to stand,
Be not so fearefull (prettie soules) to meete,
As *Flaccus* is, the Sergeants face to greate.
Be not so backward, loth to grace my sense,
As *Drusus* is, to haue intelligence
His Dad's aliue; but come into my head
As iocundly, as (when his wife was dead)
Young *Lelius* to his home. Come like-fac't time,
In tunefull numbers keeping musicks time.

But





Ad Rithmum.

But if you hang an arse, like *Tubered*,
When *Chremes* dragd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence base ballad stuppe: my poetry
Disclaimes you quite. For know, my liberty
Scornes riming lawes. Alas poore idle sound:
Since I first *Phabius* knew, I neuer sound
Thy interest in sacred poesie.
Thou to Inuention add'st but surquedry,
A gaudie ornature; but hast no part,
In that soule-pleasing high infused art.
Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
Welcome thou friendly aide of my designes.
It not? No title of my senselesse change
To wretst some forced rhyme, but freely range,
Yee scrupulous obseruers, goe and Learne
Of *Æsops* dogges; meat from a shade discerne.

S A-



SATTRE. V.

Totum in toto.

(braine?

HAng thy selfe *Druſſus* : haſt nor armes nor
Some ſophy ſay, *The Gods ſell all for paine.*

Not ſo.

*Had not that toyling Thebans ſteeled back
Dread poysned shafts, liu'd he now, he ſhould lack,
Spight of his ſarming Oxe-ſtaſles, *Themis* selfe
Would be eaſheir'd from one poore ſcrap of pelfe.
If that ſhe were incarnate in our time,
She miſt luſke ſcorned in diſdained ſlime,
Shaded from honour by ſome eniuious miſt
Of watry fogges, that fill the ill-ſuftiſt liſt
Of faire Deserſt, iealous eueri of blind darke,
Leaſt it ſhould ſpie, and at their lameſteſſe barke.
Honors ſhade thraſts honours ſubſtance from hiſ place.
Tis ſtrange, when ſhade the ſubſtance can diſgrace.*

Harſh



Totum in toto.

Harsh lines cryes *Curus*, whose eares nere rejoyce,
But as the quauering of my Ladies voice,
Rude limping lines fits this lewd halting age;
Sweet senting *Curus*, pardon then my rage,
When wiards swaue plaine vertue neuer thriues:
None but *Priapus* by plaine dealing wiues,
Thou subtil *Hermes*, are the Destinies
Enamour'd on thee? then vp inount the skies.
Aduance, depose, doe eu'en what thou list,
So long as Fates doe grace thy iuggling fist,
Tuscas, hast *Beuclarkes* armes and strong sinewes,
Large reach, full fed vaines, ample reunewes?
Then make thy markets by thy proper arme,
O, brawny strength is an all-canning charme.
Thou dreadlesse *Thracian*, hast *Hallirbotius* slaine?
What? ist not possible thy cause maintaine,
Before the dozen *Areopagites*?
Come *Enagonian*, furnish him with flights,

E

Tut



Totum in toto.

Tut, *Plutos* wrath, *Prose: pina* can melt,
So that thy sacrifice be freely felt.
What cannot *Luxo* force in bed with *loue*?
Turne and returne a sentence with her loue,
Thou art too dusky. Fie, thou shallow *Asse*,
Put on more eyes, and marke me as I passe.
Well plainly thus; *Sleight, Force* are mighty i**th**ings,
From which, much (if not most) *earths* glory springs.
If vertues selfe, were clad in *humane* shape,
Virtue without *ibese*, might goe beg and *scrape*.
The naked truth is, a well clea**th**ed lie,
A nimble quick *pate* monnts to *dignitie*.
By force or fraude that matters not a *iot*,
Some *asse* *wealth* may fall unto thy *lot*.

I heard old *Albius* *swear*, *Flavus* should haue
His eldest gurl-, for *Flavus* was a knaue:
A damn'd deep-reaching villain, & would mount
(He durst well warrant him) to great account.

What

Totum in toto.

What though he laid forth all his stock & store
Vpon some office, yet he'le gaine much more,
Though purchast deere. Tut, he will trebble it
In some fewe Termes, by his extorting wit.

When I, in simple meaning, went to sue
For tong-tide *Damis*, that would needs go wooe,
I prai'd him for his vertuous honest life.
By God, cryes *Flora*, Ile not be his wife.
He'le nere come on. Now I sweare solemnly,
When I goe next, I'le praise his villany:
A better field to range in now a daies.
If vice be vertue, I can all men praise.

What though pale *Maurus* paid huge symonies
For his halfe-dozen gilded vicaries:
Yet with good honest cut-throat vsury,
I feate he'le mount to reverent dignuty.
O sleight! all-canning sleight! all-damning sleight!
The onely gally-ladder unto might.

E 2

Tuscan

Totum in toto.

Tuscus is trade falmie: yet great hope he'le rise,
For now he makes no count of periuries.
Hath drawne false lights from pitch-black loueries
Glased his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies.
Now since he hath the grace, thus gracelesse be,
His neighbours sweare, he'le swell with treasurie.
Tut: Whomaintaines, such goods, ill got, decay?
No: tthey'le stick by the soule, they'le nere away.
Luscus, my Lords perfumer, had no sale,
Vntill he made his wife a brothell stale.
Absurd, the gods sell all for industry?
When, what's not got by hell-bred villany?
Codrus my well-fac't Ladies taile-bearer,
(He that some-times playth *Flamias* vsherer)
I heard one day complaine to *Lyncens*,
how vigilant, how right obsequious,
Modest in carriage, how true in trust,
And yet (alas) nere guerdond with a crust.

But

Totum in toto.

But now I see, he findes by his accounts,
That sole Priapus, by plaine dealing, mounts,
How now? what, droupes the n^ewe *Pegasian Innes*?
I feare mine host is honest. Tut, beginne
To set vp whorehouse, Nere too late to thriue,
By any meanes, at *Porta Rich* arriue;
Goe vse some sleight, or liue poore *Irns* life,
Straight prostitute thy daughter, or thy wife;
And soone be wealthy: but be damn'd with it.
Hath not rich *Mylo* then deepe reaching wit?

Faire age!

Whentis a high, and hard thing rhaue repute
Of a compleat villaine, perfect, absolute,
And roguing vertue brings a man defame,
A packstaffe Epethite, and scorned name.

Fie: how my wit flagges! how heauily,
Me thinks, I vent dull spritelesse pochie!

E 3

What



Totum in toto.

What cold black frost congeales my numed braine?
What eniuious power stops a Satyres vaine?
O now I knowe, the iuggling God of sleights,
With *Caduceus* nimble *Hermes* fights,
And misstis my wit; offended, that my rimes
Display his odious, world-abusing crimes.
O be propitious, powerfull God of Arts,
I sheath my weapons, and doe breake my darts.
Be then appeas'd, Ile offer to thy shrine,
An Hecatomb, of many spotted kine.
Myriades of beasts shall satisfie thy rage,
Which doe prophane thee in this Apish age.
Infectious bloud, yee gouty humors quake,
Whil'st my sharpe Razor doth incision make.

S A -





SATYRE. VI.

Hemnostin.

Curio, know'st me? why thou bottle-ale,
Thou barmie froth! O stay me, least I rale
Beyond *Nil ultra*; to see this butterfly,
This windy bubble taske my balladry,
With senselesse censure. *Curio*, know'st my sp'rite?
Yet deem'st that in sad seriousnesse I write
Such nasty stuffe, as is *Pigmalion*?
Such maggot-tainted, lewd corruption?
Ha, now he glauers with his fawning snowt,
And swears, he thought, / meant but faintly flowt
My fine smug rime. O barbarous dropshenoule!
Think'it thou, that *Genius* that attends my soule,
And guides my fist to scourge *Magnificoes*,
Wildaigne my minde be rāk't in *Paphian* shewes?
Think'it thou, that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchsafe to trip

▲



Hem nosti'n.

¶ Paunis trauerse? or will lispe (*weete loue*)
Or pule (*Aye mee*) some female soule to moue?
Think'st thou, that I in melting poesie
Will pamper itching sensualitie?
(*That in the bodies scumme all fatally
Intombes the soules most sacred faculty.*)

Hence thou misjudging Censor: know I wrot
Those idle times, to note the odious spot
And blemish, that deforms the lineaments
Of moderne Poesies habiliments.

Oh that the beauties of inuention,
For want of iudgements disposition,
Should all be spoil'd. O that such treasurie,
Such straines of well-conceited poesie,
Should moulded be, in such a shapelesse forme,
That want of Art should make such wit a scorne.

Here's one must inuocate some lose-leg'd Dame,
Some brothel drab, to helpe him stanzas frame,

Or

Hem nosti'n.

Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent,
To broch conceits industrious intent.

Another yet dares tremblingly come out:
But first he must invoke good *Colin Clour*.

Yon's one hath yean'd a fearefull prodigy,
Some monstrous misshapen Balladry,
His guts are in his braines, huge Iobbernoule,
Right Gurnets-head, the rest without all soule.
Another walkes, is lazie, lies him downe, (crownie
Thinkes, reades, at length some wondred slepe doth
His new falne lids, dreames, straight, ten pound to
Out steps some Fayery with quick motion, (one,
And tels him wonders of some flowry vale,
Awakes, straight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.

Yon's one, whose straines haue flowne so high a
That straight he flags, & tumbles in a ditch, (pitch,
His sprightly hote high-soring poesie,
Is like that dreamed of Imagery,

Whose



Hem. noſti'z.

Whose head was gold, brest siluer, brassie thigh,
Lead leggs, clay ſeete; ô faire fram'd poeſie,

Here's one, to get an vndeseru'd repute
Of deepe deepe leaſing, all in fulſian ſute
Of ill-paſt, farre-fetech't words, attiereth
His period, that all ſeſe forſweareth.

Another makes old *Homer*, *Spencer* cite
Like my *Pigmalion*, where, with rage delight
He cryes, O Onid, This cauſ'd my idle quill,
The worlds dulcetares with ſuch lewd ſtuffe to fill,
And gull with blumbast lines, the wileſle ſenſe
Of theſe odde nāgs; whose pates circumference
Is fil'd with froth, O theſe ſame buzzing Gnats,
That ſting my ſleeping browes, theſe Nilus Rats,
Hafe dung, that haue their life from putrid ſlime,
Theſe that doe praife my loſe laſciuious ſlime;
For theſe ſame shades, / ſeriously protest,
I ſlubberd vp that Chaos indigefh,

To





Hem nosti'n.

To fish for fooles, that stalke in goodly shape;
What though in velvet cloake? yet still an Ape.

Capro reads, sweares, scrubs, and sweares againe,
Now by my soule an admirable straine,
Strokes vp his haire, cries passing passing good,
Oh, there's a line incends his lustfull blood.

Then *Mutu* comes, with his new glasse-set face,
And with his late kist-hand my booke doth grace,
Straight reades, then smiles, & lisps (*tis pretty good*)
And praiseth that he never vnderstood.
But reome for *Flaccus*, he le my Satyres read.
Oh how I trembled straight with inward dread!
But when I sawe him read my fustian,
And heard him sweare *I was a Pythian*,
Yet straight recal'd, & sweares *I did but quote*
Out of *Xilimum* to that margents note;
I could scarce hold, and keepe my selfe conceal'd,
But had well-nigh my selfe and all reual'd.

Then





Hem noſti'n.

Then straight comes *Friscus*, that neate gentlemā,
That newe discarded Academian,
Who for he could cry *Ergo*, in the schoole,
Straight-way, with his huge judgement dares con-
Whatſo'ere he viewes; *That's pretē good;* (trole
That Epithete hath not that ſprightly blood
Whiſt ſhould enforce it ſpeakē; *that's Persius vaine;*
That's Iuvenals; *heere's Horace crabbed ſtraine;*
Though he nere read one line in *Iuvenall,*
Or, in his life, his lazie eye let fall
On duskie *Persess.* O indignitie
To my reſpeſtleſſe free-bred poeſie,
hence ye big-buzzing little-bodied Gnats,
Yee tattling Echoes, huge tongu'd Pigmy brats:
I meane to ſleepe: wake not my ſlumbring braine,
With your malignant, weake, detracting vaine.
What though the ſacred iſſue of my ſoule
I here expoſe to Idiots controule?

What



Hem noſti'n.

What though I bare, to lewd Opinion,
Lay ope, to vulgar prophanation,
My very Genius? Yet know, my poesie
Doth ſcorne your vtmoſt, ranck'ſt indignitie.
My pate was great with child, & here tis eas'd:
Vexe all the world, ſo that thy ſelſe be pleaf'd.

SATYRE. VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A Man, a man, a kingdome for a man.
Why how now currish, mad Athenian?
Thou Cynick dog, ſee'ſt not the ſtreets do ſwarme
With troupes of men? No, no: for *Cyrce's* charme
Hath turn'd them all to Swine. I never ſhall
Thinke thofe ſame *Samian* lawes authenticall:

But





A Cynicke Satyre.

But rather I dare sweare, the sowles of swine
Doe lie in men. For that same radiant shine,
That lustre wherewith natures *Nature* decked
Our intellectuall part, that glosse is soyled
With slayning spots of vile impiety,
And muddy durt offensualitie.
These are no men, but *Apparitions*,
Ignes fatus, *Glowewormes*, *Fictions*,
Meteors, *Rats of Nilus*, *Fantasies*,
Colosse, *Pictures*, *Shades*, *Resemblances*.

Ho Linneus!

Seest thou yon gallant in the sumptuous clothes,
How brisk, how spruce, how gorgiously he shows?
Note his French-herring bones: but note no mote,
Vnlesse thou spy his faire appendant whore,
That lackies him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new stamp^t complement, his Cannon oathes.

Marke



• A Cynicke Satyre.

Marke those: for naught, but such lewd viciousnes,
Ere graced him, saue Sodome beastlinesse.
Is this a *Man*? Nay, an incarnate drouill,
That struts in vice, and glorieth in euill,

A man, a man, Peace Cynick, yon is one:
A compleat soule of all perfection.

What, mean'st thou him that walks al opē brested?
Drawn through the eare with Ribands, plomy cre.
He that doth snort in fat-sed luxury, (sted?
And gapes for soime grinding monopoly?

He that in effeminate inuention,
In beastly source of all pollution,
In ryot, lust, and fleshly seeming sweetnesse,
Sleepes sound secure, vnder the shade of greatness?
Mean'st thou that senscresse, sensuall Epicure?
That sinke of filth that guzzell most impure?
What he? Linceus on my word thus presume,
He's nought but clothes, & senting sweet perfume.

His



A Cynicke Satyre.

His verie soule, assure thee *Linceus*,
Is not so bigge as is an Atomus:

Nay, he is sprightlesse, sense or soule hath none,
Since last *Medusa* turn'd him to a stonc,

Amaz, a man; Loe yonder I espie
The shade of *Nestor* in sad grauitie,
Since old *Sylenus* brake his Asses back,
He now is forc't his paunch, and guts to pack
In a faire Tumbrell, Why, lower *Satyrif*st,
Canst thou vnman him? Here I dare insist
And soothly say, he is a perfect soule,
Eates Nectar, drinks Ambrosia, saunce controule.
An inundation offelicite
Fatshim with honor, and huge treasurie.
Canst thou not *Linceus* cast thy searching eye,
And spy his eminent Catastrophe?
He's but a spunge, and shortly needes must leese
His wrōg got iuice, when greatness fist shal squeeze

His





A Cynick Satyre.

His liquor out, Would not some head,
That is with seeming shadowes only fed,
Sweare yon same Damaske-coat, yon garded man
Were some graue sober *Cato Utican?*
When lethim but in iudgements light vncase,
He's naught but budge, old gards, browne foxe fur
He hath no soule, the which the Stagerite (face.
Terri'd tationall: for beastly appetite,
Base dunghill thoughts, and sensuall action
Hath inade him loose that faire creation.
And now no man, since *Circes* magick charme
Hath turn'd him to a maggot, that doth swarne
In tainted flesh: whose soule corruption
Is his faire foode: whose generation
Another's ruine. O *Canauans* dread curse
To liue in peoples finnes, Nay far more worse
To muck ranke hate, But serra, *Linceus*,
Seest thou that troope that now affronteth vs?

F

They



A Cynick Satyre.

They are naught but Eeles, that never will appeare
Till that tempestuous winds or thunder teare
Their slimy beds. But prithee, stay a while,
Looke, yon comes *John-a-noke*, and *John-a-stile*,
They are nougat but slowe-past, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrs, stil striuing to appease
Hote zealous loue, the language that they speake,
Is the pure barbarous blackfaunt of the *Geate*:
Their onely skill rests in *Collusions*,
Abatements, *stoppels*, *inhibitions*,
Heauy-past Jades, dull pated Iobernoulcs,
Quick in delayes, checking with vaine controules
Faire Justice course, vile nece ssarie euils,
Smooth seeming-saints, yet ean'd incarnuate diuels.

Farre be it from my sharpe Satyrick Muse,
Those graue and reuerend Iegists to abuse,
That aide *Astrea*, that doe further right:
But these *Megera's* that inflame despight,

That



A Cynicke Satire.

That broche deepe rancor, that doe studie still
To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
With *Irus* bloud; these Furies I doe meane,
these Hedge-hogs, that disturbe *Astreas* Scean.

A man, a man: peace Cynick, yon's a man,
Behold yon sprightly dread *Mauortian*.
With him I stop thy currish barking chops.
What? meanst thou him, that in this swagging slops
Wallowes vnbraced, all along the street?
He that salutes each gallant he doth meeete,
With farewell sweete capaigne, kinde hart, adew,
He that last night, tumbling thou didst view
From out the great mans head; and thinking still
He had beene Sentinell of warlike Brill,
Cryes out *Que valis*? sounds *Que*? and out doth
His transform'd ponyard, to a Syringe straw, (draw
And stabs the drawer. What, that *Ringorote*?
Meanst thou that wasted leg, puffe bumbast boote?

F 2

What



A Cynicke Satire.

What, he that's drawne, and quartered with lace?
That *Wesphalian* gamon Cloue-stuck face?
Why, he is nought but huge blaspheming othes,
Swart snout, big looks, mishapen Switzers clothe
Weake meager lust hath now consumed quite,
And wasted cleane away his Martiall spright:
Infeebing ryot, all vices confluence
Hath eaten out that sacred influence
Which made him man,
That diuine part is soak't away in sinne,
In sensuall lust, and midnight bezeling,
Ranke inundation of luxuriousnesse
Haue tainted him with such grosse beastlinesse,
That now the seat of that celestiall essence
Is all possest with Naples pestilence,
Fat peace, and dissolute impietie
Haue lulled him in such securitie,



Tha



A Cynicke Satyre.

lace? That now, let whirlwinds and confusion teare
The Center of our state, let Giants reare
thes, hill vpon hill, let westerne *Termagant*
clothe Shake heauens vault; he with his Occupant,
ite, Are clinged so close, like deaw-worins in the morne
t: That he le not stir, till out his gues are torne
With eating filth. *Tubrio*, snort on, snort on,
Till thou art wak't with sad confusion.

Now raile no more at my sharpe Cynick sound,
Thou brutish world, that in all yilenesse drown'd
hast lost thy soule: for naught but shades I see,
Resemblances of men inhabite the.

Yon Tissue slop, yon holy-croſſed pane,
Is but a water-spaniell that will faune,
And kiffet the water, whilſt it pleauers him:
But being once arrived at the brim,
He shakes it off.

F 3

Yon

Tha



A Cynicke Satyre.

Yon in the capring cloake, a Mimick Ape,
That onely strives to see me an others shape,

Yon's *Æsops* Asse, yon sad ciuility
Is butan Oxe, that with base drudgery
Eares vp the land, whilit some gilt Asse doth chaw
The golden wheat; he well aipay'd with straw.

Yon's but a muckhill ouer-spred with snowe,
Which with that vaile doth eu'en as fairely shewe
As the greene meades, whose natuie outward faire
Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.

Yon effeminate sanguine Ganimede,
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.

Teace Cynick, see what yonder doth approach,
A cart? a tumbrell? no a badged coach.

Whst's in't? some man, No, nor yet woman kinde,
But a celestiall Angell, faire refinde.

The diuell as soone. Her maske so hinders me
I cannot see her beauies deitie.

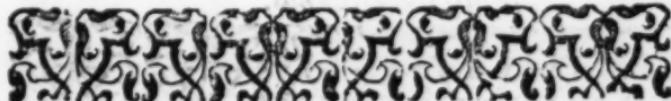
Now





A Cynicke Satyre.

Now that is off, she is so vizarded,
So steept in Lemons iuyce, so surphuled
I cannot see her face. Vnder one hooде
Two faces: but I neuer vnderstood
Or sawe one face vnder two hoodstill now,
Tis the right semblance of old *Ianus* brow.
Her maske, her vizard, her loose-hanging gowne
(For her loose lying body) her bright spangled crown
Her long slit sleeues, stiffe buske, pufse verdingall
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.
Alas, her soule struts round about her neck,
Her seate of sense is her rebato set,
Her intellectuall is afained niceenesse,
Nothing but clothes, & simpring precisenesse.
Out on these puppets, painted Images,
haberdashers shops, torch-light maskeries, (brighte
Perfuming pans, Duch antients, Glowe-wormes
That soyle our soules, and dampe our reasons light:
Away,



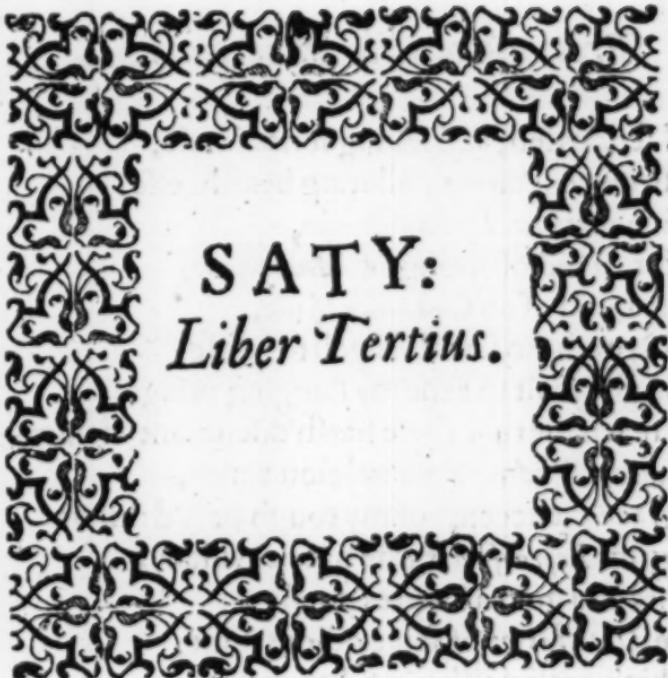


A Cynicke Satyre.

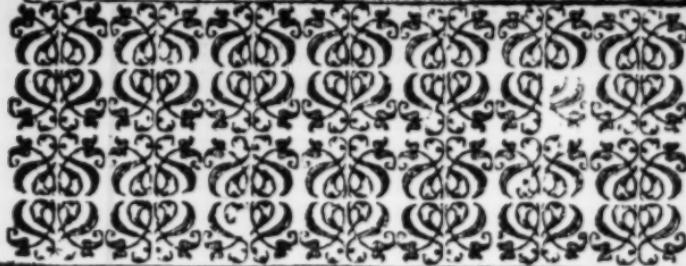
Away, away, hence Coach-man, goe inshrine
 Thy new glas'd puppet in port Esqueline,
 Blush *Martia*, feare not, or looke pale, all's one,
 Margara keepes thy set complexion.
 Sure I nere thinke those axiomst to be true,
 that soules of men, from that great soule ensue,
 And of his essence doe participate
 As 't were by pipes; when so degenerate,
 So aduerte is our natures motion,
 To his immaculate condition:
 That such soule filth, from such faire puritie,
 Such sensuall acts, from such a Deitie,
 Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were so,
 Then sure the slime, that from our soules do flowe,
 Haue stopt those pipes by which it was conuei'd,
 And now no humane creatures; once disraij'd
 Of that faire iem.
 Beasts *sense*, plants *growth*, like being as a stone,
 But out alas, our *Cognisance* is gone.

Finis libri secundus.





S A T Y:
Liber Tertius.



Proemium in librum tertium.

IN serious iest, and iesting seriousnesse,
I striue to scourge polluting beastlinesse,
Inuocate no *Delian Deitie*,
Nor sacred of spring of *Mnemosyne*:
I pray in aid of no *Castalian Muse*,
No Nymph, no semal Angell to infuse
A sprightly wit to raise my flagging wings,
And teach me tune these harsh discordant strings.
I craue no Syrens of our Halcion times,
To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes:
But grim *Reproofe*, stearne hate of villany,
Inspire and guid a Saryres poesie.
Faire *Detestation* of soule odious sinne,
In which our swinish times lye wallowing.

Be





Proemium in librum tertium.

Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
My wits inciting sweet breath'd *Zephyrus*.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
Some fludgate vp, to purge the world from mack:
Would God I could turne *Alpheus* riuier in,
To purge this *Augean* Oxstall from soule sinne.
Well, I will try: awake impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villany.

In amo-





SATYRE. VIII.

Iamorato Curio.

Curio, aye me! thy mistres Monkey's dead,
Alas, alas, her pleasures buried,
Goe womans flauke, performe his exequies,
Condole his death in mourntull Elegies.
Tut, rather Peans sing *Hermapbrodite*:
For that sad death giues life to thy delight,
Sweete fac't *Corinna*, daine the riband tie
Of thy Cork-shooe, or els thy flauke will die:
Some puling Sonnet toles his passing bell,
Some sighing Elegie must ring his knell,
Vnlesse bright sunshine of thy grace reuive
His wambling stomack, certes he will diue
Into the whirle-poole of deuouring death,
And to some Mermaid sacrifice his breath,
Then oh, oh then, to thy eternall shame,
And to the honour of sweet *Curios* name,

This





Inamorato Curio.

This Epitaph, vpon the Marble stone,
Must faire be grau'd of that true louing one;
Heere lyeth he, he lyeth here,
That bounc't and pittie cryed;
The doore not op't, fell sickle alas,
Alas fell sickle and dyed.

What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What sauage minded rude Cyclopiam,
But such a sweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter? Ho *Ampbitrion*,
Thou art no Cuckold, What though Ione dallied,
During thy warres, in faire *Alcmenas* bed,
Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecillitie
Of corrupt nature all apparantly
Appeares in him. O soule indignitie,
I heard him vow himselfe a slave to *Omphale*,
Puling(ayc me) O valours obloquie!
He that the inmost nookes of hell did know,
Whose nere craz'd prowesse all did ouer-throw,



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The doore not op't, fell sicke alas,
Alas fell sicke and dyed.

What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What sauage minded rude Cyclopiam,
But such a sweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter? Ho *Amphitrian*,
Thou art no Cuckold, What though *Io* dallied,
During thy warres, in faire *Alcmenas* bed,
Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecillitie
Of corrupt nature all apparantly
Appeares in him. O soule indignitie,
I heard him vow himselfe a slauet to *Omphale*,
Puling (aye me) O valours obloquie!
He that the inmost nookes of hell did know,
Whose nere craz'd prowesse all did ouer-throw,



Inamorato Cario.

Lyes streaking brawny limmes in weakening bed,
Perfum'd, smoothe kemb'd, new glaz'd, fair surphur.
O that the boundlesse power of the soule
Should be subiect to such base controule!

Big limm'd *Alcides*, doffeth thy honours crowne,
Goe spin, huge stau'e, Icait *Omphale* should frown'e,
By my best hopes, I blushe with griefe and shame
To broach the peasant basenesse of our name.

O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
To thinke what lostie Cedars I must shake:
But if the canker fret the barkes of Oakes,
Like humbler shrubs shal equall beare the stroaks
Of my respectlesse rude Satyrick hand.

Unlesse the Destin's adamantine band
Should tye my teeth, I cannot chuse but bite,
To view *Maurtius* metamorphoz'd quite
To puling sighes, & into (aye mee's) state,
With voice distinct, all fine articulate.

Lisping



Inamorato Curio.

Lispings, Faire saint, my woe compassionate:
By heaven, thine eye is my scule-guiding fate.

The God of wounds had wont on Cyprian couch
To streate himselfe, and with incensing touch
To faint his force, onely when wrath had end:
But now, 'mong fuious garboiles, he doth spend
His feebled valour, in tilt and tourneying,
With wet turn'd kisles, melting dallying.
A poxe vpon't, that Bacchis name should be
The watch-word giuen to the souldierie.
Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,
Cry out S. George, invoke thy mistresse name;
Thy Mistresse and S. George, alarum cry,
Weake force, weak ayre, that sprouts from luxury.
Thoutedious workmanship of flit-stung loue,
Downe from thy sky es, enjoy our females loue,
Some fistie more Bessian girtles will sue
To haue thy loue, so that thy back be true.

O





Inamorato Curio.

O now me thinks I heare swart *Martins* cry,
Souping along in warres faind maskerie,
By *Lais* starrie front he'le forth-with die
In clutred bloud, his Mistres liuorie.
Her fancies colours waues vpon his head,
O well fenc't *Albion*, mainly manly sped,
When those, that are Soldadoes in thy state,
Doe beare the badge of base, effeminate,
Euen on their plumie crests: brutes sensuall,
Hauing nosparke of intellectuall.
Alack, what hope? when some rank nasty wench
Is subiect of their vowes and confidence?

Pnblus hates vainely to idolatries,
And laughes that papists honour Images:
And yet (O madnesse) these mine eyes did see
Him melt in mouing plants, obsequiously
Imploring fauor, twining his kinde armes,
Vsing inchauntments, exorcisme, charmes,

The



Inamorato Curio.

The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandishment,
The force of teares, & seeming languishment,
Vnto the picture of a painted lasse:
I saw him court his Mistresse looking-glassie,
Worship a busk-point, which in secrecie
I feare was conscious of strange villany.
I saw him crouch, deuote his liuelihood,
Sweare, protest, vow pesant seruitude
Vnto a painted puppet, to her eyes
I heard him sweare his sighes to sacrifice.
But if he get her itch-alaying pinne,
O sacred relique, straight he must beginne
To rauue out-right: then thus; *Celestiall blisse,*
Can brauen grant so rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) tis divine,
It once beheld her radiant eyes bright shine:
Her haire imbrac't it, ô thrice happy prick
That there was thron'd, and in her haire didst stick.

G

Kisse



Inamorato Curio.

Kisse, blesse, adore it *Publius*, neuer linne,
Some sacred vertue lurketh in the pinne,

O frantick fond pathetique passion!

Ist possible such sensuall action

Should clip the wings of contemplation?

O can it be the spirits function,

The soule, not subiect to dimension,

Should be made slau to reprehencion

Of craftie natures paint? Fie, can our soule

Be vnderling to such a vile controule?

Saturnio with himselfe his Mistresse buske,

That he might sweetly lie, and softly luske

Betweene her paps, then must he haue an eye

At eyther end, that freely might discry

Both hils and dales. But out on *Phrigio*,

That wish't he were his Mistresse dog, to goe

And lick her milke-white fist. O pretty grace,

That pretty *Phrigio* begs but Pretties place.

Par-





Inamorato Curio.

*Parthenophell, thy wish I will omit,
So beastly tis I may not vtter it,
But *Punicus*, of all iile beare with thee,
That faine wouldst be thy mistresse smug munkey:
Here's one would be a flea, (iest comicall)
Another his sweet Ladies verdingall,
To clip her tender breech: Another lie
Her siluer-handled fan would gladly be:
Here's one would be his Mistresse neck lace faine,
To clip her faire, and kisse her azure vaine.
Fond fooles, well wisht, and pitty but should be:
*For beastly shape to brusish soules agro.**

If *Laura* painted lip doe daine a kisse
To her enamour'd slauē, O heauens blisse!
(Straight he exclaims) *not to be matcht with this!*
Blaspheming dolt, goe three-score sonnets write
Vpon a pictures kisse, O rauing spright!



Inamorato Curio.

I am not sablesse, old, or rheumatick,
No *Hippocrate* misshapen stigmatick,
That I should thus inueigh' gainst amorous spright
Of him whose soule doth turne *Hermafrodite*:
But I doe sadly grieue, and inly vexe,
To viewe the base dishonours of our sexe, / rapes
Tush, guiltlesse Dous, when Godsto force foule
Will turne themselues to any brutish shapes.
Base bastard powers, whom the world doth see
Transform'd to swine for sensual luxurie.
The sonne of *Saturne* is become a Bull,
To crop the beauties of some female trull.
Now, when he hath his first wife *Metim* sped,
And fairely chok't, least foole gods should be bred
Of that fond Mule; *Themis* his second wife
Hath turn'd away, that his vnbrideled life
Might haue more scope. Yet last his sisters loue
Must satiate the lustfull thoughts of *Love*.

Now





Inamorato Curio.

Now doth the lecher in a Cuckowes shape
Commit a monstrous and incestuous rape.
Thrice sacred gods, and ô thrice blessed skies,
Whose orbes includes such vertuous deities!

What should I say? Lust hath confounded all,
The bright glosse of our intellectuall
Is souly soyl'd, The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying
Hath dusk't the fairest splendour of our soules:
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothsome, foule,
For sure, if that some spright remained still,
Could it be subiect to lewd *Lais* will?

*Reason by prudence in her function
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Ayding with precepts of philosophie
Our feebled natures imbecilistie:
But now affection, will, concupisence
Hau'got o're Reason chiefe preheminence.*





Inamorato Curio.

Tis so:cls how should such vile basenesse taint
As force it be made slau to natures paint?
Me thinks the spirits Pegase *Fantafie*
Should hoysse the soule from such base slauery:
But now I see, and can right plainly shewe
Frō whence such abiect thoughts & actions grow,
Our aduerte bodie, being earthly, cold,
Heauie, dull, mortall, would not long infold
A stranger inmate, that was backward still
To all his dunguy, brutish, sensuall will:
Now here-vpn, our Intellectuall,
Compact of fire all celestiall,
Invisible, immortall, and diuine,
Grew straight to scorn his land-lords muddy slime:
And therefore now is closely flunke away
(Leauing his smoaky house of mortall clay)
Adorn'd with all his beauties lineaments
And brightest iems of shining ornaments,

His





Inamorato Curio.

His parts diuine, sacred, spirituall,
Attending on him; leauing the sensuall
Base hangers on, lusking at home in slime,
Such as wont to stop port Esqueline.
Now doth the bodie, led with senselesse will,
(The which in reasons absence ruleth still)
Raue, talke idely, as 't were some deitie
Adorning female painted puppetry,
Playing at put-pin, doting on some glasse
(which breath'd but on, his falsoed glosse doth passe)
Toying with babies and with fond pastime,
Some childrens sporte, deflowring of chaste time,
Imploying all his wits in vaine expence,
Abusing all his organons of sense.

Returne, returne, sacred *Syndrefiss*,
Inspire our trunks: let not such mud as this
Pollute vs still: Awake our lethargy,
Raise vs from out our brath-sicke foolery.

S A.



SATIRE. IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an
Ape indeede.

Grim-fact Reproof, sparkle with threatning eye,
Bend thy lower browes in my tart poesie.
Auaut yee cures, houle in some cloudy mist,
Quake to behold a sharp-fangd Satyrist.
O how on tiptoes proudly mounts my Muse!
Stalking a lostier gate then Satyres vse,
Me thinks some sacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my spright mount vp to higher straines
Then well beseemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part:
But Art curbs Nature, Nature guideth Art.

Come downe yec Apes, or I will strip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples sight.
Yee Mimick slaues, what are you percht so hie?
Downe lack an Apes from thy fain'd roalty.
What fur'd with beard, cas't in a Satin sute,
Iudicall lack? how hast thou got repute

Of



A toy to mock an Ape.

Of a sound censure? O idiot times,
When gaudy Monkeys mowe ore sprightly times!
O world of fooles, when all mens iudgement's set,
And rest vpon some mumping Marmoset!
Yon athens Ape (that can but simpringly
Yaule *Auditores humanissimi*,
Bound to some seruile imitation,
Can with much sweat patch an oration)
Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
Presumes to squint on some faire Poesie;
And all as thanklesse as vngratefull Thames
He flinks away, leauing but recking steames
Of dunguy slime behinde. Allas ingrate
He vseth it, as when I satiate (roome,
My spanielles paunch, who straight perfumes the
With his tailes filth: so this vnciuill groome,
Ill-tutor'd pedant, *Mortimers numbers*
With muck-pit Esculine filth bescumbers:

Now





A toy to mock an Ape.

Now th' Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
As a bill-patch't doore, whose entrailes out haue
And spewd their tenant. (sent

My soule adores iudicall schollership:
But when to seruile imitatorship
Some spruce Athenian pen is pretized,
Tis worse then Apish. Fie, be not flattered
With seeming worth. Fond affectation ^{* Non ludere,}
Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon. ^{sed ludere.}
^{non lanae,}
^{sed linea:}

O what a tricksie lerned nicking strain ^{non ietus,}
Is this applauded, senselesse, modern ^{* vain} ^{sed nictus}
When late I heard it from sage *Mutius* lips ^{polius.}
How ill methought such wanton ligging skips
Beseemd his grauer speech. *Farre flyt by fame*
Most, most, of me beloved, whose silent name
One letter bounds. Thy true iudicall stile
I euer honour: and if my lone beguile

Not





A toy to mock an Ape.

*Not much my hopes, then thy unvalued worth
Shall mount faire place, when Apes are turned forth.*

I am too milde: reach me my scourge againe.
O yon's a pen speakes in a learned vaine,
Deepe, past all sense. Lanthorne & candle light,
Here's all invisible, *all mentall spright.*
What hotchpotch, giberidge doth the Poet bring?
How strangely speaks? yet sweetly doth he sing.
I once did know a tinkling Pewterer,
That was the vilest stumbling stutterer
That euer hack't and hew'd our natvie tongue:
Yet to the Lute if you had heard him sung,
Iesu how sweet he breath'd! You can apply,
O senselesse prose, judiciall poesie,
How ill you 'r link't. This affectation,
To speake beyond mens apprehension,
How Apish tis! When all in fustian sute
Is cloth'd a huge *nothing*, all for repute

Of





A toy to mocke an Ape.

Of profound knowledge, when profoundnes knowes.
There's naught cōtaind, but onely seeming shows.
Old Iacke of Parris-garden, canst thou get
A faire rich sute, though foully run in debt?
Looke sinug, smell sweete, take vp commodities,
Keape whores, see bauds, belch impious blasphemie,
Wallow along in swaggering disguise, (mies,
Snuffe vp smoakwhiffs, & each morne fore the rise,
Visit thy drab? Canst vse a false cut die
With a cleane grace, and glib facilitie?
Canst thunder cannon oathes, like th'rattling
Of a huge, double, ful-charg'd culuering?
Then Iack troupe 'mong our gallants, kisse thy fist,
And call them brothers: Say a Satyrist
Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie,
All coofin germanes, sauē in villany.
For (sadly truth to say) what are they else
But imitators of lewd beastlynesse?

Farre





A toy to mocke an Ape.

Farre worse than Apes; for mowe, or scratch your
It may be some odde Ape will imitate: (pate,
But let a youth that hath abus'd his time,
In wronged trauaile, in that hoter clime,
Swoope by olde *Jack*, in clothes Italionate:
And i'le be hangd if he will imitate
His strange fantastique sute shapes ---
Or let him bring or'e beastly luxuries,
Some hell-deuised lustfull villanies,
Euē Apes & beasts wold blush with natuue shame,
And thinke it foule dishonour to their name,
Their beastly name, to imitate such finne
As our lewd youths doe boast and glory in.

Fie, whether doe these Monkeys carry mee?
Their very names doe soyle my poesie.
Thou world of Marmosets and mumping Apes,
Vnmaske, put of thy fained borrowed shapes.

Why





A toy to mocke an Ape.

Why lookes neat *Curus* all so simpringly?
Why babbleſt thou of deepe Diuinitie?
And of that ſacred teſtimoniall?
Liuing voluptuous like a *Bacchanall*?
Good hath thy tongue: but thou rank Puritan,
I'le make an Ape as good a Christian.
I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eye,
Looke ſad, goe graue. Demure ciuitie
Shall ſeeme to ſay, *Good brother, ſister deere.*
As for the reſt, to ſnort in belly cheere,
To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
With ſacred things, in which thou doſt excell,
Unforc't he'le doe. O take compassion
Euen on your ſoules: make not religion
A bawde to lewdeneſſe. Ciuill *Socrates*
Clyp not the youth of *Alcibiades*
With ynchaſt armes. Disguised *Meffaline*
I'le teare thy maske, and bare thee to the cyne

Of



A toy to mocke an eape.

Of hissing boyes, if to the Theaters
I finde thee once more come for lecherers,
To satiate (nay, to tyer) thee with the vse
Of weakning lust. Yee fainers, leaue t' abuse
Our better thoughts with your hypocrisie:
Or, by the euer-living veritie,
I'le strip you nak't, and whip you with my rimes,
Causing your shame to liue to after-times.

SATYRA NOVA.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

To his very friend, Master E. G.

From out the sadnessse of my discontent,
Hating my wonted iocund merriment,
(Only to giue dull time a swifter wing)
Thus scorning scorne, of Idiot focles I sing.

I



Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

I dread no bending of an angry brow,
Or rage of fooles that I shall purchase now,
Whol'scorne to sit in ranke of foolery,
When I'le be master of the company?
For pre-thee *Ned*, I pre.thee gentle lad,
Is not he frantique,foolish,bedlam mad,
That wastes his spright,that melts his very braine
In deepe designes,in wits darke gloomy straine?
That scourgeth great slaues with a dreadlesse fist,
Playing the rough part of a *Satyr*ist,
To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rable
Of thin-braind Idiots,dull,vncapable?
For mimickie apish schollers,pedants,guls,
Perfum'd inamoratoes,brothell truls?
Whilst I(poore soule)abuse chaste virgin time,
Deflowring her with vnconceiued rime,
The sturt, a toy of an idle empty braine,
Some scurrilliests, light gew-gawes, fruitlesse, vaine.

Cries

Stuitorum plena sunt omnia.

Cryes beard-graue *Dromus*, whē alas, god knowē
His toothles gums nere chaw but outward shows.
Poore budgeface, bowcase sleeve, but let him passē
Once furre and beard shall priniledge an Aſſe.

And tell me *Ned*, what might that gallant be,
Who to obtaine intemperate luxury,
Cuckold his elder brother, gets an heire,
By which his hope is turned to despaire?
In faith (good *Ned*) he damn'd himselfe with cost:
For well thou know'ſt full goodly land was lost.

I am too priuate. Yet me thinkes an *Aſſe*
Rimes well with *VIDE RIT UTILITAS*,
Euen full as well, I boldly dare auerre
As any of that stinking Scauenger
Which from his dunghill he bedaubed on
The latter page of old *Pigmallion*.
O that this brother of hypocrisie
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)

H

Should



Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

Should thus be puffed, and so proude insist,
As play on me the Epigrammatist.

*Opinion mounts this frath unto the skies,
Whom iudgements reason iustly vilesies.*

For (shame to the Poet) reade Ned, behold
How wittily a Maisters-hooде can scold,

An Epigram which the Author *Vergidemiarum*,
caused to be pasted to the latter page of euery *Pigmalion*, that came to the Stationers of Cambridge.

I Ask't Phisitons what their counsell was
For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Ass? ^{Asse}
They told me though there were confiictiones store
Of Poppie-seede, and soueraigne Hellebore,
The dog was best cured by cutting & kinsing, ^{Mark the}
The Ass must be kindly whipt for winsing. ^{Vvittyalu-}
Now then S. K. I little passe ^{sion to my}
Whether thou be a mad dog, or a mankind Ass. ^{name.}

Smart





Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

Medice cura te ipsum.

Smart ierke of wit! Dideuer such a straine
Rise from an Apish schoole-boyes childish braine?
Dost thou not blush good Ned, that such a sent
Shold rise from thence where thou hadst nutrimēt?
Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
And streweth flowers rotten bones among.
Juggling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch,
Paint not a rotten post with colours rich.
But now this juggler with the worlds consent
Hath halfe his soule; the other, Complement,
Mad world the whilst. But I forget mee, I,
I am seduced with this poesie:
And madder then a Bedlam spend sweet time
In bitter numbers, in this idle rime.
Out on this humour. From a sickly bed,
And from a moodie minde distempered,

H 2

I





Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

I vomit forth my loue, now turn'd to hate,
Scorning the honour of a Poets state.
Nor shall the kennell rout of muddy braines
Rauish my Muses heyre, or heare my straines,
Once more, No nittie pedant shall correct
A Enigmaes to his shallow intellect
Inchauntment, Nedhath rauished my sense
In a Poetick vaine circumference.
Yet thus / hope (God shield I now shoulde lie)
Many more fooles, and most more wise then I,

VALE.





SATYRE. X.

Humours.

Sleep grim Reproofer: my iocund Muse doth sing
In other keyes, to nimbler fingering.
Dull sprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my braine
To hell *Cimerian* night, in liuely vaine
I striue to paint, then hence all darke intent
And sullen frownes: come sporting merriment,
Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very soule
With iouisance, whilst mirthfull iests controule
The gouty humours of these pride-swolne daies,
Which I doe long vntill my pen displaies.
O I am great with mirth: some midwifrie,
Or I shall breake my sides at vanitie.
Roome for a capering mouth, whose lips nere stur,
But in discoursing of the gracefull stur.
Who euer heard spruce skipping *Curio*
Ere prate of ought, but of the whirl on toe,

H3

The





Humours.

The turne aboue ground, *Robrus* sprauling kicks,
Fabius caper, *Harries* tolling tricks?
Did euer any care ere heare him speake
Vnlesse his tongue of crosse-points did intreat?
His teeth doe caper whilst he eates his meate,
His heeles doe caper, whilst he takes his seate,
His very soule, his intellectuall
Is nothing but a mincing capreall. (meete
He dreames of toe-turnes: each gallant hee doth
He fronts him with a trauerse in the streete,
Praise but *Orchestra*, and the skipping Art,
You shall commaund him, faith you haue his hart
Euen capring in your fist. A hall, a hall,
Roome for the Spheres, the Orbis celestiall
Will daunce *Kemps Jigge*. They le reuel with neate
A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps. (umps,
O wits quick trauerse, but *sance ceo's* flowe,
Good faith tis hard for nimble *Curio*.

Yee





Humours.

*Yegrations Orbes, keepe the old measuring,
All's spoilde if once yee fall to capering.*

*Luscus what's plaid to day? faith now I know
I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flowe
Naught but pure *Juliet* and *Romeo*.*

*Say, who acts best? *Drusus*, or *Roscio*?
Now I haue him, that nere of ought did speake
But when of playes or Players he did treate,
H'ath made a commonon-place booke out of playes,
And speakes in print: at least what ere he saies
Is warranted by *Curraine plandsties*,
If ere you heard him courting *Lesbias* eyes;
Say (Curteous Sir) speakes he not mouingly,
From out some new pathetique Tragedy?
He writes, he railes, he iestes, he courts (what not?)
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well penn'd playes.*

Oh





Humours.

Oh come not within distance: *Martius* speaks,
Who nere discourses but of fencing feates,
Of counter times, finetures, fly passataes,
Stramazones, resolute Stoccataes,
Of the quick change with wiping mandritta,
The carriado, with th' enbrocata,
Oh, by Iesu sir (me thinks I heare him cry)
The honourable fencing mistery
Who doth not honour? Then fals he in againe,
Iading our eares, and somewhat must be faine
Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of surest garde,
Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burgonians* ward.

This bumbast foile-button I once did see
By chance, in *Linias* modest company,
When after the God-sauing ceremony,
For want of talke stuffe, fals to foinery,
Out goes his Rapier, and to *Linia*
He shewes the ward by puncta reuersa,

The





Humours.

The *incarnata*. Nay, by the blessed light,
Before he goes, he'le teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laugh amaine,
To see the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.

But roome for *Tuscus*, that iest-mounging youth
Wo nere did ope his Apish gerning mouth
But to retaile and broke anothers wit,
Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
Your present talke, with, Sir, Ile tell a iest
(Of some sweete Ladie, or graund Lord at least)
Then on he goes, and nere his tongue shall lie
Till his ingrossed iests are all drawne dry:
But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
*H*ath lost his crownes, & paund his trim array.
He doth naught but retaile iests: breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
*H*e'le haue't i-faith; Lad, hast an *Epigram*,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?

Giue





Humours.

Giue *Tuscan* copies; sooth, as his owne wit
(His proper issue) he will father it.

O that this Eccho, that doth seake, speare, write
Naught but the excrements of others spright,
This ill-stuft trunke of iestes (whose very soule
Is but a heape of libes) should once inroule
His name 'mong creatures termed rationall!
Whose chiefe repute, whose sele, whose soule & all
Are fed with offall scraps, that sometimes fall
From liberall wits, in their large festiuall.

Come aloft *Jack*, roome for a vaulting skip.
Roome for *Torquatus*, that nere op't his lip
But in prate of pummado reuersa,
Of the nimbling tumbling *Angelica*.
Now on my soule, his very intellec
Is naught bu a curuetting *Somerset*.

Hush, hush (cries honest *Phylo*) peace, desist,
Dost thou not tremble fower *Satyrif*,

Now





Humours.

*Now that iudicall Musus readeth thee?
He'le whip each line, he'le scourge thy balladry,
Good faith be will. Philo I pre thee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dogge display:
He's naught but censure, wilt thou credit me,
He never writ one line in poesie,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in praise of vertues name:
Which still he hugs, and lulps as tenderly
As cuckold Tisus his wifes bastardie.
Wel, here's a challenge, I flatly say he lies
That heard him ought but censure poesies.
Tis his discourse, first hauing knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champed euery row,
Belcheth his slauering censure on each booke
That dare presume eu'en on Medusa looke.*

*I haue no Artists skill in symphonies,
Yet when some pleasing Diapason flies*

From





Humours.

From out the belly of a sweete touch't Lute,
My eares dare say tis good: or when they sute
Some harsher seauens for varietie,
My native skill discernes it presently.
What then? will any sottish dolt repute,
Or euer thinke me *Orpheus* absolute?
Shall all the world of Fidlers follow mee,
Relyng on my voice in musicktie?

Musus heere's *Rhodes*, lets see thy boasted leape,
Or els avaunt lewd curre, presume not speake,
Or with thy venome-sputtering chaps to barke
Gainst well-pend Poems, in the tongue.tied dark.
O for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd *Luxurio*:
Tis he that hath the sole monopoly
By patent of the Suburbe lechery.
No new edition of drabbes comes out,
But seene and allow'd by *Luxurios* snout.

Did





Humours.

Did euer any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shorditch baulke,
Aretines filth, or of his wandring whore,
Of some *Cynedian*, or of *Tacedore*,
Of *Ruscus* nasty lothsome brothell rime,
That stinks like *Ajax* froth, or muck-pit slime?
The newes he tels you, is of some newe flesh,
Lately brooke vp, span new, hote piping fresh,
The curtesie he shewes you, is some morne
To giue you *Venus* sore his smock be on.
His eyes, his tongue, his soule, his all is lust,
Which vengeance and confusion follow must.
Out on this salt humour, letchers dropsie,
Fie, it doth soyle my chaster poesie.

O spruce! How now *Piso*, *Aurelius Ape*,
What strange disguise, what new deformed shape
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith say, what fashion art thou thinking on?

A





Humours.

A stitch't Taffata cloake, a paire of slops
Of Spanish leather? O who heard his chops
Ere chew of ought, but of some strange disguise?
This fashion-maunger, each morne sore he rise
Contemplates sute shapes, & once frō out his bed,
He hath them straightfull lively portrayed.
And then he chukes, and is as proude of this
As Taphus when he got his neghhours blisse.
All fashions since the first yeare of this Queene
May in his study fairely drawne be seene,
And all that shall be to his day of doome,
You may peruse within that little roome.
For not a fashion once dare show his face,
But from neate *Pys* first must take his grace.
The long fooles coat, the huge flop, the lugd boot
From minick *Pys*, all doe clame their roote,
O that the boundlesse power of the soule
Should be coop't vp in fashioneing some roule!

But



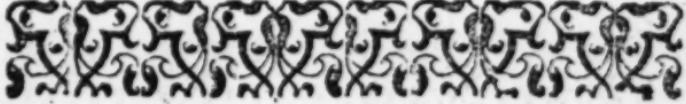


Humours.

But O, *Suffenus*, that doth hugge, imbrace
His proper selfe, admires his owne sweete face,
Prayseth his owne faire limmes proportion,
Kisseth his shade, recounteth all alone
His owne good parts) who enuies him? not I,
For well he may, without all riualtie,

Fie, whether's fled my sprites alacritie!
How dull I vent this humorous poesie!
In faith I am sad, I am possest with ruth,
To see the vainenesse offaire *Albions* youth;
To see their richest time euен wholly spent
In that which is but Gentries ornament.
Which being meanly done, becomes them well:
But when with deere times losse they doe excell,
How ill they doe things well! To daunce & sing,
To vault, to fence, and fairely trot a ring
With good grace, meanely done, O what repute
They doe beget! But being absolute,

It





Humours.

It argues too much time, too much regard
Employ'd in that which might be better spar'd
Then substance should be lost, If one should sewe
For *Lesbian* loue, hauing two daies to wooe
And not one more, & should employ those twaine
The fauour of her wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehension:
Your wits are quick in application.

Gallants

Me thinks your soules should grudge, & inly scorn
To be made slaues, to humors that are borne
In flime of filthy sensualitie.
That part, not subiect to mortalitie
(Boundlesse, discursive apprehension
Giuing it wings to act his function)
Me thinks shold murmur, whē you stop his course,
And soyle his beauties in some beastly source

Of





Humours.

Of brutish pleasures. But it is so poore,
So weake, so hunger bitten, euermore
Kept from his foode, meager for want of meate,
Scorn'd and reieeted, thrust from out his seate,
Upbrai'd by Capons greace, consumed quite
By eating itewes, that waste the better spright,
Snibd by his baser parts; that now poore Soule
(Thus pesanted to each lewd thoughts controule)
Hath lost all heart, bearing all iniuries,
The vtmost spight, and rank st indignities
With forced willingness. Taking great ioy
If you will daine his faculties employ
But in the mean st ingenious qualitie.
(How proud he le be of any dignitie?)
Put it to musick, dauncing, fencing schoole,
Lord how I laugh to heare the prettie foole
How it will prate, his tongue shall never lie,
But still discourse of his spruce qualitie;

I

Egging



Humours.

Eggi^{ng} his master to proceede from this,
And get the substance of celestiall blisse.
His Lord straight cals his parliament of sence,
But still the sensuall haue preheminence.
The poore soules better part so feeble is,
So colde and dead is his *Syndecsis*,
That shadowes by odde chaunce sometimes are got,
But ô the substance is respected not.
Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent,
Yet I haue sung in sporting merriment.

FINIS.





To euerlasting Obli- uon.

THou myghtie gulfe, insatiat cormorant,
Deride me not, though I seeime petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For euer their faire Poems flourish may,
But as for mee, hungry *Oblission*
Deuour me quick, accept my orizon:
My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
With gloomy shade of thy still Emperie,
To vaile both me and my rude poesie.



To euerlasting obliuion.

Farre worthier lines in silence of thy state
Doe sleepe securely free from loue or hate:
From which this liuing, nere can be exempt,
But whilſt it breathes will hate and furie tempt.
Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can with-ſtand:
Peace hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
Vnleſſe ſome hound doe wake me from my place,
I with this sharpe, yet well meant poesie,
Will ſleepe ſecure, right free from iniurie
Of cancrede hate, or rankest villanie.

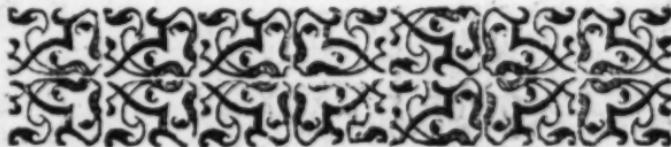
To





To him that hath perused mee.

Gentle, or vngentle hand that holdest mee, let not thine eye be cast vpon priuatenesse, for I protest I glaunce not on it. If thou hast perused mee, what lesser fauour canst thou grant then not to abuse mee with vniust application? Yet I feare mee, I shall bee much, much iniuried by two sortes of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a Satyre, (which is, vnder fained priuate names, to note generall vices,) will needes wrest each fained name to a priuate vnfained person. The other too subtle, bearing a priuate malice to some greater personage then hee dare in his owne person seeme to maligne, will striue by a forced application of my generall reproofes to broach his priuate hatred. Then the





To the Peruser.

which I knowe not a greater iniury can be offered to a Satyrist. I durst presume, knew they how guiltlesse, and how free I were from prying into priuatenesse, they woulde blush to thinke, how much they wrong them-selues, in seeking to iniure mee. Let this protestation satisfie our curious searchers. So may I obtaine my best hopes, as I am free from endeauouring to blast anie priuate mans good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and say *Tis I*, I can not hinder him. Neither doe I iniure him. For other faults of Poesie, I craue no pardon, in that I scorne all pennance the bitterest censurer can impose vpon mee. Thus (wishing each man to leaue enquiring who I am, and learne to knowe himselfe,) I take a solemne congee of this fustie world.

Theriomastix.

10 MR 70



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